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IN MEMORIAM.

MEMORIAL SERVICES

OF THE

REV. JAMES FLOY, D. D.,

HELD AT THE

SEVENTH ST. M. E. CHURCH, N. Y.

NOVEMBER 16, 1863.

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INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

Rev. James Floy, D. D., died at his residence in New York City, October 14th, 1863; and funeral services were held on the subsequent Saturday, at the Chapel of the M. E. Church on Beekman Hill. The death of Dr. Floy produced a profound impression upon the mind and heart of the Church, and at a large meeting of the ministers of New York and vicinity, held at the Mission Rooms, it was resolved to hold a public commemorative service. A Committee was appointed to make the necessary arrangements for such a service, consisting of the Rev. Dr. Whedon, Rev. E. E. Griswold, Rev. Dr. True, Rev. Seymour Landon, and Rev. G. W. Woodruff. Under the direction of this Committee the Memorial Meeting was called on Monday evening, November 16th, at the 7th Street M. E. Church, and was very largely attended by the leading ministers and members of the Church in the City and neighborhood. The Presiding Elder of the New York District, Rev. E. E. Griswold, presided; and the religious exercises were conducted by the pastor of the Church, Rev. Mr. Bottome.

Rev. Bishop Janes, Rev. Dr. Curry, Rev. Dr. True

and Rev. R. M. Hatfield delivered addresses on certain topics assigned them by the Committee, relating to the ministerial and Christian life of Dr. Floy, and the whole service was most solemn and impressive.

It was not designed to make this memorial service a precedent, but it was thought that there were special reasons which justified this mark of distinguished respect to the memory of Dr. Floy.

For a quarter of a century, this eminent Divine had sustained very important relations to the denomination to which he belonged, and had been especially prominent in his devotion to the cause of human freedom. By his prudent and loyal course he had been very influential in bringing Methodism back to the clear and honest testimony of the Fathers on the Subject of Slavery, and he lived to see the Church of his choice almost united in utter condemnation of human bondage. The solemnities of the occasion were sadly deepened by the absence of one of the announced speakers—Rev. Dr. Kennady —who at that very hour was shrouded for his own burial.

This printed account of the "Memorial Service" has been prepared at the earnest solicitation of a number of the persons who were interested in the service, and who desire to perpetuate the memory of a great and good minister of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Brooklyn,
Feb. 15, 1864. G. W. W.

ADDRESS OF BISHOP JANES.

Our brother in Adam, our brother in Christ, our brother in the holy ministry of Jesus, Rev. James Floy, D. D., has suddenly departed this life. He has not ceased to be—he has not ceased to act—but he has changed the mode of his existence and the sphere of his activities greatly to his gain. But his translation is our bereavement. Our interview this evening in the sanctuary of God is not on his behalf. He is removed entirely beyond our influence, and neither needs nor can receive any kind offices from us. We have met for our own edification and comfort; and the occasion furnishes several sources of religious profit. One is found in the devotional part of the services. Christians do not celebrate their funerals with superstitious rites and unmeaning ceremonies, but with solemn spiritual devotional services, which in their very nature are calculated to quicken them in the duties and devotions of probationary life, and to further their preparedness for life eternal. It is also profitable

under these serious circumstances to contemplate the spiritual life and religious services of deceased believers, and especially to consider them as illustrating the power and plenitude of the grace of God. It is to this part of the service of this occasion that I am requested to direct your attention. I am sure if our brother could suggest to me anything on this topic, he would charge me in all my references to his religious life to remember the truth—"By grace I am what I am," and in all my references to his holy ministry to recollect that his sufficiency was of God. In my estimation this topic is one of great importance and deep interest. The examples of the good never perish. They are as imperishable as the minds they impress, and as enduring as the events and interests they influence. The flight of time may leave them far to the rear of us, and the conduct of intervening generations may intercept them from our sight, but they still live and are things of beauty and of power in the moral world. The waters that filled the channels of the Hudson, when he, whose name it bears, first looked upon its silver sheen, probably form no part of the tide of to-day that bears upon its ample bosom the most of the commerce and much of the navy of this great

nation, and more or less of the commerce and navies of the world. Yet but for the current of that period the beautiful harbor and great commercial metropolis of to-day most likely would have had no existence. Similar to this is the relation of former generations of Christians to the present Church of Christ, and so actual is our responsibility to the future of the Church of Christ in all succeeding generations. Surely none of us liveth to himself. The example we are now to contemplate will send an influence onward till time shall be no more.

Dr. FLOY was born in the city of New York, in Broadway, directly opposite to Astor Place, in the year 1806. At that time his mother was a member of the Methodist Church—his father a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church. He, however, soon thereafter united himself with the Methodist Church. James first attended Sabbath School in St. Mark's Protestant Episcopal Church. He had excellent advantages for the cultivation of his mind and the acquisition of knowledge. He was married to Miss Jane Thacker in 1829. At that time he was a clerk in the Methodist Book Concern. He was converted in the Allen Street Church on the 13th of February, 1831. After his conversion, he de-

voted most of his leisure time to reading on religious subjects, and he gives this statement in his journal of that date as one reason for this religious reading :—"I had an impression on my mind from my childhood that I should be a preacher." His first religious services were those of a superintendent of a colored Sunday School. His first efforts at public speaking on religious topics were his addresses to his scholars, most of whom were adults. The first official position which he held in the Church was that of classleader in this (the Seventh Street) Church. He preached his first sermon in the before-mentioned colored Church on the 17th of February, 1833. His text was Exodus, 14, 15—"And the Lord said unto Moses, Wherefore criest thou unto me? speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward." And he says concerning that service that he "had great liberty in speaking to the people." He makes also this entry in his journal—"A few weeks after this I tried again in the old church in Forsyth Street, by request of Rev. D. Ostrander, then in charge. I had a most lamentable time, and felt most exceedingly mortified at what I considered an utter failure. I resolved never to try again, gathering assuredly that God had not called me to the ministry."

Shortly after, he adds, "My impression seemed to deepen, however, that I ought to preach." After going through the degrees of exhorter and local preacher, and filling appointments at the Almshouse, Bridewell, Penitentiary, the House of Refuge, &c., he was received on trial at the New York Annual Conference in May, 1835. I desire to ask your attention to these two statements—"He had an impression from his childhood that he would be a preacher;"—this "conviction deepened that he ought to preach." With him, therefore, the ministry was not a mere choice between professions; he entered upon it from a solemn religious conviction that it was duty—that God required it at his hands. His first appointment was to Riverhead, L. I. In 1836 he was appointed to Hempstead as a junior preacher. He states in his journal that "this was a prosperous year and a great many were converted." At the ensuing conference he was ordained a deacon. His third and fourth conference years were spent as junior preacher on the Harlaem Mission. During the last of these years he says—"Many were added to the Lord." His fifth appointment was to Kortright Circuit, as preacher in charge, but the illness of Mrs. FLOY prevented him from continuing on the work. A

portion of the year he was pastor of the Washington Street Church, Brooklyn, to which Church he was reappointed at the two following Conferences. In 1842 and 1843, he was stationed in Danbury, Conn.; in 1844 and 1845, he was stationed at Madison Street Church, New York; in 1846 and 1847, he was pastor of the M. E. Church, Middleton, Conn.; in 1848 and 1849, he was stationed at the First Church, New Haven; in 1850 and 1851, he was reappointed to the Madison Street Church, New York; in 1852 and 1853, he was stationed at Twenty-seventh Street Church, New York; in 1854 and 1855, he was Presiding Elder of the New York East District; in 1856, 1857 and 1858, he was editor of the *National Magazine*, Secretary of the Tract Society, and editor of Tract publications. In 1859 and 1860, he was Secretary of the Tract Society and editor of Tract publications; in 1861 and 1862, he was the pastor of this (the Seventh Street) Church. At the last session of his Conference he was appointed to Beekman Hill Church, Fiftieth Street, New York, and at the time of his demise was the pastor of that church. He was either assistant Secretary or principal Secretary of his Conference at fourteen of its sessions. He was three times elected a delegate to the General Confer-

ence and served each time in that capacity. This is the record of the events of his life. The positions which he occupied in the church are of themselves a sufficient proof of the high esteem in which he was held by his brethren, and of the confidence reposed in him by the Church; and these of themselves are a sufficient eulogy for any man. And yet, it may be proper for me to add that in all these appointments and positions to which he was called he was always found competent for the duties and responsibilities which they devolved upon him. As a Christian minister he was "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." In the pulpit he was intellectual, practical, spiritual, scriptural. He perceived his subject clearly, orderly, comprehensively; he stated it to his congregation in the simplest and most expressive language. He argued his points briefly, cogently, conclusively. His illustrations were always apposite,—mainly scriptural. His application of his subject was more didactic than hortatory—more instructive than exciting. His preaching was always with profit and edification to those who gave him their attention.

As a pastor he was not among the most active, but what pastoral work he did was of the highest

kind. Few ministers of my acquaintance are more attentive to the poor and the sick of their congregations than was he. Sympathizing in their afflictions, he was careful and conscientious in giving them his attention and both his spiritual and his temporal ministries. In his general intercourse with his congregations he was always courteous, affectionate, sympathetic—not manifested so much, perhaps, in words as in action, in the constancy and carefulness of his attention to all their interests. The result of such preaching was the strengthening of believers, the edifying of the church, the encouraging of all in the way of duty and devotion. The influence of such pastoral care was that of restoring the sick and the lame and recovering those that had wandered from the way of understanding; consequently he ever left the churches of which he was pastor, in peace, in unity, in strength, and in the most substantial prosperity. His position in the Annual Conference, and his connection with the General Conference pertain to his ministry. I have already stated that at fourteen sessions of the Conference he acted as one of the Secretaries—an important office, and more difficult and more important than is generally supposed; and no one can so well appreciate a good Secretary as he

who presides over the deliberations of the body. Brother FLOY was always prompt and ready—whether it was to record a transaction, to catch a motion and minute it and read it, or to read a communication made to the Conference ; in every duty of his office he was prompt and ready. His journal was brief, correct, chaste, and probably no journal went up to the General Conference that was more perfect in its composition than that which was made by our deceased brother. His official connection with the business of the Conference early taught him to understand Conference duties and prepared him, I have no doubt, very considerably for the important part which he subsequently took in the grave transactions of the body. He knew the usages, the rules, the proprieties of Conference, and he was ready for any of its business and for any of its debates. In the General Conference he was highly appreciated. In 1848, he was a member of the Committee on the Book Concern ; in 1856, a member of the Committee on Itinerancy ; in 1860, a member of the Committee on Revisals—three of the more important standing Committees of that body ; and in all this Committee business he was attentive and was well qualified to consider the subjects and to prepare business for the action

of the Conference. On the General Conference floor he seldom spoke, but when he spoke he was listened to with respect and deference, and his duties as a member of the body were well performed, and with the manner of their performance the Conference he represented always had reason to be satisfied. These are the particulars of his life, so far as I have been able in these few words to sketch it. I have endeavored to do it with candor; I certainly have done it in love—for I consider it a matter of thankfulness that brother FLOY and myself have ever felt toward each other a cordial brotherly affection. I loved him, not merely in the love of religion, in the fellowship of Christ, but as one whom I admired and appreciated as a fellow laborer in the vineyard of our Lord. I regarded him as a devoted, consistent Christian, a man of religious principle and of religious affections—not so impulsive in his feelings as some, but steady and strong in his allegiance to Christ and his devotion to duty, and as a minister, a master builder, who contributed largely to the welfare of the Church. He has passed away from our sight, but not from our love. His example is before us, and could he speak to us to-night, I think he would say, (and say, perhaps, no more), "Follow me as I followed

Christ. So far as you saw in me the spirit and mind of Christ, and so far as my example was conformed to His example, follow me." Brethren, let us be admonished by his death ; let us be edified by his life, and let us seek to renew our associations and fellowships with him in the world eternal and divine.

ADDRESS OF REV. D. CURRY, D.D.

You who have the programme of this evening's exercises before you will in some faint degree sympathize with me in the position in which I am placed. It is my lot to-night to dispense funeral honors, not only to the departed, but also instead of the departed. A few short hours ago, since which I have not had a leisure half-hour, some of the persons having charge of these exercises informed me that I would be called upon to occupy the place assigned in the scheme to him, whose outward form lies cold in a neighboring city [Dr. Kennady], but who only a few days ago was with us. I then remembered a remark I made one short month ago, somewhat apologing for the circumstances under which I then came before many of the same persons that are here; that such were my relations to our deceased brother, Dr. Floy, that I felt I could do nothing less than to consent to perform any service or occupy any place to which my fellow mourners in this bereavement might call me.

This must be my apology for consenting, under the peculiar circumstances, as I have done, to stand before you to-night.

I feel the difficulty of my position all the more when I consider the part that was assigned to Dr. Kennady in these services—to present before this audience some view of the literary career and character of Dr. Floy. The subject is not one to be grasped in a moment, not to be presented in a hasty, cursory view, but one which requires thought, concentration of mind, selection of expression, the gleaning of many pearls to present them in perfect order. I have no expectation of doing justice to the subject, but I feel that I may throw myself upon your charity, with a good degree of confidence that I shall receive it.

The Church has her wealth in the excellencies of her members, and especially of her ministers—a wealth which has scattered blessings by the ministrations of the Church, and been enjoyed liberally by those to whom these ministrations have come. In departing from us, these eminent servants of God leave a rich legacy in the odor of a good name, in the godly example, in the elevated walk, in the form of character impressed with living power upon the hearts, the under-

standings, the consciences of those who see and know them. And the range of influence in which each one moves, and throughout which the impression is made, is more or less extended in proportion to the peculiar form of ministration each person occupies. There is doubtless a power in the living voice which can find no substitute elsewhere. Accordingly, the great Head of the Church, in that infinite wisdom which governs in all the appointments of the Church of God, has ordained His ministry to be a perpetual ordinance in His Church, and we very widely dissent from those views which are presented by some socialist philosophers, that the press has superceded the pulpit. It is rather calling more largely and sternly for efficiency and power in the pulpit. Just as physical and manual labor is made more in demand by the introduction and use of machinery, however complicated and exact that machinery may be, so the increased influences and efficiencies which go forth from the press only make the larger demands for efficiency and adaptation in the pulpit. This, therefore, presents to us a strong plea in favor of the strongest, the best, the most thoroughly cultivated Christian ministry. The wants of the age demand it; the times and circumstances of society all make

larger claims upon the pulpit than in the absence of those peculiar facilities for the diffusion of knowledge and social influences, which some have supposed would even supersede, or at least place in a secondary position, the pulpit in its influence upon mind. We are therefore called upon, in this view of the subject, to contemplate our departed brother as filling a most important and very necessary place in the Christian ministry—for he was an educated man, taking that term in its best and broadest sense.

We have heard, as perhaps we all knew before, in the sketch that has been given of his early life, that his early advantages were above ordinary. Even in infancy and in more advanced youth his pursuits of study reached out beyond ordinary; that is, he was among those few who devoted many of the best years of his advancing youth to close, earnest study, under the best of preceptors. He became classically educated, and perhaps in very few instances has the effect upon mind of a classical education been better demonstrated. Those effects we do not hesitate to say have no substitute, and the mind of James Floy was ever a living demonstration that there was a power in classical culture which raised the mind, elevated the thought, and gave a power of ex-

pression and beauty of diction and of combination that commanded attention and reverence from all who heard him. Now we think this is the explanation, taking a merely human view of the subject, of many of those excellencies we have heard of to-night, and which we remember as we call to mind our own acquaintance with him. It arose directly out of that rigid culture of mind, that strong, earnest discipline of the spirit, that awakening and calling forth into vigorous action the esthetic elements of his nature, to see what was right, correct, and according to good taste, and embodied in appropriate forms of expression, so as to commend it to the judgment and approval of all.

Dr. FLOY'S literary reputation stands before his friends and those who knew him in somewhat a peculiar aspect. He was not an author. He never aspired to that in anything that he did as a man of letters. It was perhaps, if we might speak thus, the great error of his life that it was so. I have thought so. I have thought so while he lived; I think so now, when certainly he can produce no more. And yet, he has accomplished very much, if it must be transitory, as all things of this kind are transitory; yet doubtless it has been and will be effective. The distinguishing

characteristic of Dr. Floy's mind was a rigid, clear, strong expression. His taste, which was a distinguished characteristic with him, was severe. Hence, he became of necessity a critic. Now, I am aware that to some minds there is scarcely any word that can be used that is more offensive, at least distasteful, than this word; yet I hesitate not to say that in all the vocabulary there is no other epithet more appropriate to him, nor any other art in which he excelled so much as in criticism. It was a matter of necessity with him that he should be critical. So clearly did he perceive what was correct and according to good taste, so certainly did he grasp the idea, so correctly did his mind pass judgment upon the thing that came before him, that by the very necessity of his mental state he became a critic. This marked a large amount of what he wrote for the press. He is, perhaps, better known to the Methodist community, and beyond the Methodist community, by his contributions to Methodist periodicals—especially the *Quarterly Review*—than he is known any otherwise. And I, perhaps, do not speak very boldly nor assume that which it would be difficult to make you believe, if I should assume that among the class of writers—not a very small class either at this time—who

have specially distinguished themselves in this department of literature, he occupied a very high place. His reviews, his literary essays upon different subjects, modified in each case by the subject upon which each of them was written, stand among the current literature of the times upon an elevated basis. There was always thought in them. He had something to write about. He wrote generally because he could not help it. It was in him, and it sought for utterance; he spoke from the fullness of his own heart and feelings. And there was ever present this peculiarity, which is clearly in unison with another distinctive feature of his mind, that I am not now called to speak of, that is, his honesty to his own convictions. He always said what he believed, and in the exercise of his taste and his literary judgment he uttered what he felt in such a manner as to be very readily understood by those that read what he had written. It is well worth one's while that has any interest in this subject, to take up the back numbers of the *Methodist Quarterly Review* for the past twenty-odd years—I think the beginning of his writing was an article of the old series, twenty-five years ago, when Dr. Luckey was editor. You may examine through the pages and you will find the

same characteristics pervading the whole of them —rigid taste, and correctness of thought, symmetrical embodiment, a clearness through which his thoughts stood out in such a form that you knew what he meant;—that he meant so much, and no more. And throughout the whole of it you may look in vain for that which many literary men have fallen into—a case of bad grammar, an instance of a wrong collocation of words, an allusion which is not perfectly chaste, in the literary sense of that term. In these particulars he was a marked man, and would stand high among the literary men of any place or of any group of them that you might gather together. It was well said by Dr. McClintock that he never wrote a sentence of bad English, and to have elicited that from such a man as McClintock was praise enough, if I only utter it at second hand. I have, perhaps, read nearly everything he has written of this kind, for reasons which are to me very satisfactory. As he wrote because he could not help it, I read because I could not help it. I was pretty sure to thoroughly go through and thoroughly consider whatever come from his pen. When he wrote anonymously I read, first allured by the sprightly, vivid energy of the style, presently drawn on by the argument which, perhaps,

I did not believe at the time yet was at least constrained to honor it ; until I could have written the name at the bottom of it. But as a literary man, Dr. FLOY never forgot his position in his moral and religious relations. Take those same reviews and look them over and you may find there certain characteristics standing out. There is a clearness of expression, and a forcibleness of thought ; but in all these particulars, though he was eminently a free thinker, there is the most rigid orthodoxy. I have thought he erred on that side sometimes, and yet it is a very safe side to err upon. You may find another thing. There is never a sentence uttered in one of those pieces that does not perfectly conform to the position which he had taken in favor of humanity. Whether he wrote of the Puritans or of other men, (and I might call up in order the several subjects of his review,) I think you will constantly find this same living truth. He had confidence in humanity. He was a democrat, in the true meaning of a much-abused word ; he called himself by that name, and he meant something by it. He used the word, when he used it, with all the fullness of a soul that was in sympathy with humanity. All his compositions and writings speak out the same sentiment as a living

principle that burned in his heart and was embodied in the language which he used. It should be observed that while severe criticism must be and generally is the more severe in proportion to its truth, that in all his criticism there is that evident appreciation of excellence, that ability to gather up valuables out of a vast amount of rubbish—to thoroughly winnow the chaff and to gather out of it, though they were but few, the grains of precious wheat. You will find this in his critical essays most forcibly and excellently manifested. I perhaps ought, in the few minutes I am to speak to you, to allude to a department of literature into which, connected with his ministry, much of his thoughts and not a very little of his labor were directed—that is, literature designed for youth. One of the last things that he did on the day of his decease was to write out a chapter in a book designed for children—a book on Christian Doctrine for Sabbath Schools. The Sabbath School teachers present know something about his more recent publications, designed for Sabbath School instruction; and others that can remember longer ago will recollect certain publications of his that have gone forth for the aid of Sabbath School teachers, to encourage, and aid, and instruct them, and

lead them onward. There is one publication of his known to all the juveniles, (and if I were talking to children I should be appreciated)—a little story book, the scene of the story located in this city, which all the children read, which, perhaps, will be found in almost every Methodist family, and many others. In all these particulars it is a model book of the kind. It would be well for writers for Sunday Schools and youth to make *Harry Budd* their model book. I suppose I disclose no literary secret in naming that book as one of his productions. I conversed with him once in regard to it, and asked him why he did not pursue that kind of writing. He said, "I doubted whether I could; I felt something like that in me; I wrote a story and gave to the public; now I am satisfied." He was satisfied to stop at that point, and has left us only enough to cause regret that he had not done more. Not to detain you any longer, I will call your attention to Dr. FLOY'S great literary work. Here is his monument (pointing to the *Methodist Hymn Book*). You may raise others in bronze and in marble, but that book will be his monument for generations to come—for I hesitate not to say that the hymn book of the Methodist Episcopal Church is the work of JAMES FLOY. I knew this

while he lived ; I knew it when it was in process of making. I was in counsel with him, not as a literary adviser particularly, but as a friend in communion with him, when he unfolded to me many of the facts connected with the " revisal," as it was first named, of the old hymn book. But it is not the old hymn book revised, it is a new hymn book, largely made out of material not found in the old one, and what was there found was perfectly recast, so that there is no more of that book than of Watts's Hymns or some other books that might be named, only as a large proportion was drawn from that book. We, who see the result simply as presented to us in the finished volume, can form but little notion of the amount of literary labor it cost to produce that work. As soon may you take up a piece of beautiful needlework, never having seen that sort of work done, or look upon one of the pictures of the old masters, or a statue, and comment upon it in point of finish, and appreciate from that view of the finished work, the thought, the manual labor and the exercise that is necessary to accomplish a work of that kind. Those that have been on the inside and seen this handiwork in its processes and in its unfinished condition are much better prepared to appreciate it than

those who only see the finished work. I will tell you the impression made upon me in regard to this matter. By the kindness of his friends I got hold of his own copy of the hymn book, one of the largest edition, with broad margins. The valuable part of it to me was in his own handwriting and in pencil marks upon those margins. There is in that volume an amount of literary history that would fill whole volumes of *D'Israeli* and others of that kind—an amount of criticism, close, exact, intelligent, that could not be embodied but for the peculiar form in which it is there written in books many times larger than the entire volume. Those notes may be studied with a great deal of interest and a great deal of instruction, but when you come to take the hymns as they were when they came into his hand and compare them as they are as they came to us, you will have more directly before your mind,—you will then perceive more clearly the value of the work which he accomplished. It is a very common thing to deal a little severely with the emendators of the great poets. I wish all the great poets had had a JAMES FLOY to recopy their compositions; they would thank him as long as he lived and bless his memory. In regard to most of the writings of the masters of

hymnology, he has done them a very great favor in presenting in better forms than they had done the hymns that they in the fullness of poetical inspiration produced. There is this further thought about it. The business of the poet and that of the hymn-maker are two things. Poets manufacture the raw material and throw it off in large pieces more commonly; the hymn-maker must produce it in compressed forms, must keep it within eight and thirty-two lines, and must embody a complete thought or series of thoughts within those limits—so set off as to lead the devotions of the congregation. We believe that this is accomplished in the Methodist hymn book beyond anything else which is to be found in the English language—a language in which the best hymns of the world are written. If these remarks shall lead any of you to a more careful study of our hymn book, and to do that which the older portion of the congregation have done a good many times, compare the hymns as they are, with what they were in the past time, we shall be all the more interested in this comparison, and in proportion as our taste is chastened and corrected, and in proportion as we can divest ourselves of the prepossessions in favor of forms of expression with which we were familiar in

earlier times, we shall come to estimate more highly the work that has been accomplished on the Methodist hymn book. I fear to detain you longer, speaking thus purely extemporaneously upon these matters, though the theme may be one upon which I could converse freely and, to myself, interestingly, yet I prefer to leave the matter with you. The reputation of our brother who has gone at the call of God from us now is, as I remarked in the beginning, our inheritence. He has left it to us. We rejoice in it; we will cherish that inheritence. He has enriched many by other means as well as by his writing, though he has through them reached very many of the cultivated minds of the country. The Conference of which he was a member has grown up under his tuition, and he has cast his shadow, (if light ever can be expressed by the name of shadow), over a great many minds. He has held in his hands as an examiner and instructor the larger portion of the members of the N. Y. East Conference, and I venture to say not one susceptible of such influences for good has ever passed through his hands in this relation that has not profited by it and is not the better for it. It was said sometimes that the young men were

afraid of him—if so, it was generally much more so before examination than after; only certain classes of them were fearful of him afterward. He has elevated the intellectual tone, the culture, and the taste of the clerical body to which he belonged. This power, which went out from him, and which pressed itself upon the body, will exert a widening and a deepening influence through all coming time.

ADDRESS OF REV. C. K. TRUE, D.D.

James Floy was one whose character had many sides, and every side was bright. I held in my hands to-day, for the first time in my life, a diamond of great value—perhaps the richest diamond in this very opulent city. As I held it up, the light flashed from every side; whichever way I turned it, there was a fresh original beam, as from a font of light. And so it seems to me the creative hand of God and the inspiring grace of the Holy Spirit made the character which is now passing in review before us. Of all the aspects of this character, of all the bright beams that come from this many-sided diamond, the red gleam of liberty is to my mind the brightest. Without it, in this nation, under the circumstances in which he lived and died, his character would have been imperfect; not if he had been called to exercise his ministry in the moon, or where there is no African Slavery, but in this world, and in this nation, where from the first it has corrupted our civilization, not to

have declared against it, would have shown a sad deficiency in Christian ministerial character.

It was, perhaps, a mere accident, but it happened that I was the very last person at Harlem to step forward just as the coffin lid was to close forever over the face of JAMES FLOY, to take a look, a last look, at his manly features; and with the reflections thus inspired in my mind I left the carriage in Fifth Avenue which had conveyed me towards my home, and passing down that beautiful street, I came to the ghastly ruins of the asylum of the colored orphans, standing up charred and broken in the light of the moon, which was just then mingling with parting day. And when I saw this gloomy monument of that pro-slavery fanaticism which has swept over this country, kindling the most fearful civil war the world has ever known, and throwing its red and lurid waves upon our city, I felt glad in my heart that my buried brother had declared himself against it. I said in the fullness of my heart, "O my brother, thou didst stand up in thy place manfully and declare in the name of God, that this system was a wrong, an outrage, an abomination!—contrary to that blessed Gospel which proclaims liberty to the captive, and which designs everywhere to correct the civilization of mankind and so to bring back lost Eden to the

world, that every man may sit under his own vine and fig tree, with none to molest him or to make him afraid."

And now do you ask, what was the character of the anti-slaveryism of JAMES FLOY? I think I may answer, now that his life is closed, that it was a wise and discriminating antagonism of slavery. He did not believe it to be proper to attempt by violence to free the slaves of this country in the spirit of the brave and heroic old John Brown. If it were right, it did not appear to him to be at all expedient. Nor did he regard, with Wendell Phillips and Garrison, the Constitution of these United States as a league with oppression, and as unworthy, in this respect, of the homage and reverence of the nation. He considered it as good a compact as could have been expected from States, every one of which, save one, was a slave State; and he saw even in the compromises of the Constitution indications of hostility to the perpetuity of this great evil. He felt, therefore, that he should obey that Constitution and should endeavor to maintain it and to render it effectual for the peace of this nation and the union of the States. Such was his feeling. Nor did he, on the other hand, hold, with Cheever and Goodell, that the Constitution was

an abolition document, that it gave to the General Government power over slavery within the States, that it freed every slave child at its birth, and therefore the national government is guilty in the last degree for the continuance of slavery after the first generation. He never was found among those that were disposed to blame the government, even in this tremendous strife in which we are engaged for the life of the nation, in not at the first coming out for the destruction of the system within the interior of the States. Such were not his views. I will not argue for or against these views, but they were not his views.

His view of the subject in its political relations was that generally known as the Union and Republican view of slavery. He believed that the General Governmemt had power over this evil in the national domain everywhere exterior to the States; in the territories, in the District of Columbia, in the navy yards and dock yards, in the arsenals, and on board the national ships. He believed it to be his duty to labor in his private capacity, and so far as he could in his public capacity, by writing, speaking, and voting, to arrest the advancement of slavery, and for its suppression, so far as it was within the power of the national government to suppress it by statute

and by law. He believed, further, that in his ministerial capacity it was his duty to touch upon the moral aspects of slavery, and to commend to the people everywhere a righteous hostility to what our Discipline has called a great evil, when it says, "What shall be done for the extirpation of the great evil of slavery?" Doubtless the Church here means moral evil, for the Church does not meddle with political and commercial matters; but it has to do, and it must have to do, with all the moral aspects of society everywhere in the nation and in the world. JAMES FLOY believed that it was his duty to insist upon the moral evil of slavery, and to exercise all the power of moral suasion to suppress it. Some object that slavery was a matter reserved by the States to manage for themselves, but he felt that, however it might be with his political influence, derived from the Constitution of the nation, it was his right and his duty, as a minister of Christ and as a philanthropist, to make every moral suggestion as freely as if there were no Constitutional reservations,—for he felt, as has been very beautifully expressed by a certain author, that "moral influences, like the winds of heaven, sweep past all boundaries;" they know no geography, they know no State

limits. We never can compromise the truth, "the Word of God is not bound," and our fathers never designed to restrict freedom of speech, but to protect it, when they made the Constitution of the United States.

Brother FLOY connected himself early in his ministry with certain anti-slavery organizations bearing the name of the Church. But the General Conference of 1836 expressed itself hostile to all agitating movements, as they were called, and advised the ministry wholly to abstain from them. This Conference sat in Cincinnati, and, like all the other great representative Councils of the Churches at that time, was under the terror of this great evil. We have been afraid; we are always afraid on this subject. I am afraid even now, you are all afraid that I shall not speak exactly as I should speak on this delicate topic! The General Conference had this fear; it amounted to a panic; and at that time they did prohibit these agitating measures. Yet in their pastoral address they said "if any brother have scruples in regard to this matter, let him speak with deference to the feelings of his brethren." So the General Conference was not wholly swept away with this fearful tide. It happened after this General Conference that a Methodist Anti-slavery Con-

vention was called in the State of New York, in the City of Utica. Brother FLOY and some members of the New York Conference attended that Convention. The subject of slavery was introduced very prominently, as it was the main object of the Convention, but also certain questions of Conference rights and Episcopal prerogatives, and other ecclesiastical matters. Bro. FLOY was averse to the consideration of these questions in an assembly called for the main purpose of considering the action of the Church on the subject of slavery. When his Annual Conference met he was called in question for his attendance at that Convention, and the case took the form of a charge against him and a trial. The charge was contumacy and insubordination, because he had gone contrary to the advice of the General Conference and his own Conference. He defended himself against this charge. You recollect, many of you, the scene that was presented in Greene Street Church on that occasion. All the bishops then living were present; there was a rally on this subject, I think; but perhaps they were called together on the business of their administration. The two New York Conferences, then one body — ministers from all parts of the country, North and South—were

present, and the members of the Church thronged the galleries. JAMES FLOY, conscious that he had really violated no proper law of the Church, that he had not done anything which his conscience condemned, defended himself for three long hours. The feelings of the people, I believe, and the hearts of the preachers were with him, but their fears (for it was a reign of terror throughout the land) or their prejudices led them nevertheless to pronounce his condemnation and his suspension from all the functions of the Christian ministry! Only nine good brethren had the moral courage, I must say it, to stand up on his side. Our worthy chairman, Brother Griswold, was one, as you see by his nod; there is another in the altar (pointing to Mr. Landon), and, besides myself, there may be others present this evening that constituted that glorious minority!

It was an able speech that Brother Floy made on that occasion. He did not know how he was succeeding in his defence, but as I sat by him sympathizing with him, during a pause in the Conference action, I recollect with pleasure, he addressed himself to me, "Charley, how am I getting along?" "Bravely, James!" said I; "Go ahead!" He took courage from that circumstance, as he related to his son subse-

quently. He should have gained his cause, brethren, but he lost it, and he was suspended in consequence. On the third day after this he made a written statement to this effect, that "without referring to the past proceedings of the Conference, he would for the future submit to their requirements so long as he was a member of that body." He made no confession, no recantation. There was no question of principle or of doctrine, but simply of measures. On receiving this, the Conference was glad, I think, to remove his suspension. That good brother who would have been here to-night had not God wanted him more in heaven—Brother Kennady—was his antagonist on this subject, as he was to the end of his life on some of the side issues. Dr. Kennady came to him, put his arms affectionately around him and urged him to take that course. As he left Brother FLOY and returned to his seat, some one said to him, "Don't persuade him, he is a stubborn fellow; he will give us trouble, let him alone;" but Dr. Kennady saw that he could give that pledge without a sacrifice of principle. To many minds there appears to be a cloud here on the fame of Dr. FLOY, and I do not know that I can dissolve it, but I will speak for him as he would have done for me if he had

survived me. There is a paradox between that submission to the Conference and his subsequent well-known anti-slavery course, even to the last. What submission could he make, and yet go on in the way in which we have known him as an anti-slavery man? True, he has not at any one time in his pulpit ministrations said a great deal on this subject; but having taken this course, the few words that he uttered in prayer or in preaching struck like the lightning till very recently. Now you can hear anything, but a whisper once was like a clap of thunder in a congregation. His prayers, his references, his apt allusions, his illustrations, and especially on days of national thanksgiving and fasting, and other public occasions, when it is expected that ministers should draw ear to these general subjects, his words went forth with power. In the Conference he has of late years been in the front rank of the anti-slavery movement. What submission, then, did he make? What is the explanation of this?

My brethren, in our great anti-slavery zeal, not too great for the subject, but for the best success in changing the public mind and accomplishing our object, we have been in danger of doing injustice to our opponents. I would not dare to do injustice to any one on such an occasion as this.

The slightest act of injustice, though it were to an insect, would cast a shadow over the character of the Almighty himself. I wish to be a just man, if I am nothing else. I say, then, the Annual Conference, hostile as it was to abolition, did not formally require anything but abstinence from those agitating measures which were the subjects of complaint in the trial; certainly they did not express themselves so as to require anything else. In his pledge as to his future course, he engaged merely to withdraw from the objectionable associations, and to act independently of them in his opposition to slavery in the church. So you perceive what he agreed to was simply this, that he would act alone, act independently of the offensive organizations; and I declare, if the whole thing were to come back again, I would advise any young minister in an itinerant connection, seeing we are liable to go everywhere and anywhere in our ministry—I would advise every man on such agitating subjects to be independent, because he cannot be responsible under the circumstances for anything but his own declarations of truth. He had a right to attend that Convention; the General Conference stretched itself too far in interdicting such measures; so did the Annual Conference. He confessed not that he done wrong, because he

made no reference to the past, but he saw after he found his Conference so set against him, it was inexpedient and ineffectual to go on in that way. The position which he took was that deliberately adopted by one of the greatest champions of liberty, Dr. Channing, of Boston, who from the first declined connecting himself with the abolition societies, because, though with them in the main object, he did not wish to be held responsible for any views but his own. Some have reflected upon our brother for the course he took, but his mind had many sides, and among his strongest sentiments was affection for the church, and the idea of being a schismatic was to him fearful, next to the idea of being pro-slavery. He did not wish to go on in this course in any way which would oblige him to be a radical revolutionist in the Church. As we saw there was danger of that, as time revealed in the separation of a large and respectable body from the M. E. Church now known as the Wesleyan Methodist Church. He preferred to cleave to the Church and to the Conference, and go on as far as he could in his opposition to slavery, endeavoring to get the Church right, and so he toiled on to the end of life. I must say that I believe in this, he showed a martyr spirit. We have

heard of our early ministers and bishops traveling in this country in the early times, exposed to the ferocity of wild beasts and more ferocious men, sleeping in the swamps and lying in the snows; we have awarded to them a heroic crown, but not one in my judgment of the heroes of early Methodism have suffered such martyrdom as this man in giving up measures connected with the cause for which he had the deepest interest—the glorious enthusiasm of liberty. He would not have yielded, had he not seen that the object would be reached in another way. In the end he had the happiness of seeing the Church thoroughly leavened with the anti-slavery sentiment, and taking a foremost position in the cause of liberty. As soon as the proper time arrived, he joined with his brethren in establishing the first anti-slavery society of the New York East Conference, and was elected President. He is worthy on this occasion of our most earnest encomiums, and the brightest laurels that we can lay upon his coffin. In conclusion, I would say that he held his interest in the anti-slavery cause from the time that he preached his first sermon in that colored church to the time when this war in its operations began to rescue the slaves of the South. He went down

among the freedmen at Port Royal. An eye-witness told me that he penetrated the plantations, and made himself fully acquainted with the condition of the colored people. He preached, talked, prayed among them, and came back with his mind fully impressed that our Church ought to send out duly appointed missionaries to various places opening to us out of the deluge of war. He labored with the Board of Managers on this subject; they gave him their attention, but he did not quite persuade them till the General Missionary Committee came along and so endorsed his views that three thousand dollars, as a contingent fund, was appropriated for this purpose, subject to the discretion of the Bishops and Board of Managers.

They thought, to use the picturesque language of the distinguished Secretary, Dr. Durbin, that "young liberty was about to be born upon the border, and the Church should be there as a nursing mother." At the moment of his death, sitting as a king upon his sofa, a gleam of light would have fallen upon his brow, if he had received the good news which our Secretary can now report to us, of thirty-five thousand dollars appropriated to reclaiming our Church southward and establishing missions among the freedmen.

As I see my brother Hatfield is impatient to take his place, I will conclude. The great misfortune as well as the glory of this man was that he was always just a little ahead of his time; the light of the advancing age fell first upon him; he saw

> ——"the tops of distant thoughts
> Which men of common stature never saw."

He died seeing the system of slavery put in such a position that the General Government, with its mighty armies and navies, is advancing by the inexorable necessity of war to crush it in their advance to restore the Union. He has gone; he has reached heaven; he has got home. Whatever may be the results of this war, or any of our exertions to overthrow the slave-power which has desolated our nation and our Church, he is free from it forever; he has reached the land where "the wicked cease from troubling and where the weary are at rest; where the servant is free from his master and they hear not the voice of the oppressor."

ADDRESS OF REV. R. M. HATFIELD.

For more than twenty-five years Dr. FLOY was a man of mark among his brethren of the ministry, and for the last twelve or fifteen years of his life was recognized as one of the leaders of the New York East Conference. More than any other man he has molded the character and influenced the action of that body, and his removal by death leaves a vacancy that no man living can fill. Dr. Olin once said that he desired to make friends of men younger than himself, for the reason that young men as a class were less worldly, and more frank and fearless than those who are farther advanced in life. Whether Dr. FLOY adopted and acted upon this principle I do not know, but he certainly drew around him and made friends of young and progressive men to a remarkable extent. Not only was he beloved by these, but he secured and retained the respect and esteem of brethren of all classes, and of

every shade of opinion. To those of us who knew him well, it was no matter of surprise that he held through so many years this position of honor and influence. His qualities of mind and heart so fitted him for leadership that he could never have held an inferior place in any body, civil or ecclesiastical. But what was it that gave Dr. FLOY his position, and the power he wielded in the Conference to which he belonged? In attempting to answer this question, I hope not to be uncharitable or to wound the feelings of any, but I must be frank and honest, and speak of Dr. FLOY as he seemed to me during the years of our acquaintance. And first of all I want to say most decidedly that Dr. FLOY did not secure or hold his place by intrigue or management. I should scorn to make this remark but for the fact that every sagacious and far-seeing man is accused, or suspected, of resorting to the acts of the demagogue in accomplishing his purposes. It is much to be regretted that the world at large has such abundant faith in craft and management, and so little confidence in downright honesty. Yet thorough honesty is wise and strong, while intrigue and cunning are short-sighted and weak. It is not to be denied that some men, from the possession of certain foxy and serpent-

like qualities, do sometimes climb or glide into positions to which they would never rise in the use of honest and manly means. But this crafty management in the ordinary affairs of life, and seen among politicians, generally proves to be of no more real value than the waxen wings of Icarus. Those who rise by these questionable means only rise to fall into an abyss of shame and misery. And reproach is cast upon the character of Methodist preachers when it is insinuated that they can be permanently influenced by an adroit trickster. Finesse and management are never taken to a worse market than when carried to an Annual Conference. There was nothing of the sycophant in the nature of Dr. Floy; he used no "flattering words" in his intercourse with his friends, though I have known him to faithfully rebuke them when the occasion called for it. He gained his place of honor among his brethren in the use of means that were creditable alike to his head and his heart.

In attempting an estimate of his character we remark, first, that *his intellectual endowments were of a superior order.* He was not a genius, using the word in its popular acceptation, but his mind was remarkable for clearness and vigor. He lived in an atmosphere so free from clouds and

mists that he saw objects, not "as trees walking," but distinctly and in their just proportions. His intellect was not of the flashy and superficial order; everything about it was compact, substantial, and vigorous. And these qualities were apparent in all that he did. No intelligent person could hear him in the pulpit without feeling that his sermons were the product of a superior and well disciplined mind. As a writer he was direct and forcible, and in all his writings are few words that we would willingly erase or forget. For all affectation, cant, and bombast, either in speaking or writing, he had a thorough contempt. A mind like Dr. FLOY'S always makes itself felt in the world; it is a power that must be recognized and appreciated.

Another noticeable trait in the character of Dr. FLOY was the *energy of his will*. He had a strength of purpose and a force of character that carried him through triumphantly the obstacles that baffle and discourage weak and irresolute men. When he had deliberately adopted a principle there was no human or infernal power that could wrench it from his grasp. A purpose once formed he clung to with a constancy that nothing could shake. Defeat and ultimate failure in the path of duty he

seemed never to regard as possible. Others, swayed by their interests or influenced by their fears, might abandon their principles, or talk of retreat or compromise, but there was no faltering on his part. With the same strength in his soul, and the same calm courage beaming from his eye, he remained as

> "Constant as the northern star,
> Of whose true, fixed, and resting quality
> There is no fellow in the firmament."

He was no reed shaken in the wind, but a royal oak deep rooted and so strong limbed as to care little for the storm and the tempest, however they might rave and howl. Men may call this obstinacy, but the Lord creates no great soul without endowing it with this sterling quality.

Another element of power in the character of Dr. FLOY was found in the fact that *he understood and correctly estimated his own intellectual resources.* I hardly know of a more pitiful fallacy than the popular notion that a great and good man should habitually disparage himself and undervalue his abilities. This voluntary humility is worse, if possible, than the egotism it is supposed to antagonize. Dr. FLOY was no egotist—indeed his freedom from pride and vanity always seemed to me a marked trait in his character,

But he understood the wealth of his own resources, and knew how available they were whenever he had occasion to use them. And this gave repose and dignity to his character. He was so well-poised as never to be surprised or thrown off his balance. He was not conceited, but he had confidence in himself, especially in the decisions of his own judgment, as all really strong men have. It is a confession of conscious weakness when an individual runs hither and thither asking advice in cases where his own conscience and judgment should guide him. Dr. FLOY never betrayed this weakness. He decided questions of truth and duty for himself, and was little troubled by opposition or adverse criticism. His judgment was eminently sound and reliable, and he did well to treat it with respect and confidence. He had too much self-respect to claim the deference of his brethren, but they very cheerfully conceded it to him as his due. His influence in the Conference was enhanced by his *great ability as a debater*. I know of no class of men more ready and able in debate than Methodist preachers. The frequency with which they come together, and the character of the discussions in which they engage, are eminently favorable to effective off-hand speaking. Dr. FLOY was

not a talkative man either at Conference or elsewhere. It has been said of him, with great propriety, that while other men grew weak by talking he grew strong by silence. There were times when, for days together, his voice was hardly heard on the floor of the Conference. But when the occasion called for it he was always ready to speak, and whenever he spoke, those who heard him were ready to say, "how forcible are right words." After a question had been perverted by sophistical and one-sided representations, it was a treat to see JAMES FLOY with quiet deliberation step into the arena. His first sentences showed the strength and skill of a master, and cut clear to the heart and marrow of the subject in debate; and then he dealt his ponderous blows right and left till it was only a very strong or a very stupid antagonist that did not quail under them. It has been my good fortune to hear many of the best speakers of our country at the bar, in the halls of legislation, on the platform, and at civil and ecclesiastical gatherings—and I have rarely or never heard some of the best efforts of Dr. FLOY excelled. It was a great intellectual treat to hear him when he was fairly aroused. It required some great question, like those pertaining to the rights of humanity, to call

him out; and when he grappled with such a question he was magnificent. There was fire in his eye, thunder in his voice, and power in his every word, look, and gesture. He did not affect the arts and graces of an elocutionist, but spoke right on with commanding eloquence just because he saw clearly and felt profoundly. His denunciations of inhumanity and injustice were sometimes terrific, scathing whatever they touched like a thunderbolt from heaven. It will be asked whether this vehement energy was quite consistent with the charity and gentleness of the Gospel. I am speaking of my departed friend as he seemed to me, and I should be very unwilling to forget him as he appeared on those occasions when his whole nature was fired with a holy hatred of wrong. I do not say that he never erred on such occasions, but I have no wish to "enter on my list of friends" the man who is always as mild and balmy as a morning in June, and who can speak on the most exciting questions with no quickening of his pulse, or change in the tones of his voice. There are some things upon which no man ought to be able to look without feeling his heart grow hot within him. The obligation to love the true and the beautiful is not more binding than the duty of hating the

false and the odious. We are to abhor that which is evil, as well as cleave to that which is good. And the man who does not stoutly hate the wrong, has no firm and tenacious hold on the right. Dr. FLOY never more challenged my respect and admiration than when, fully inspired by his theme, he launched the denunciations of God's law against injustice and oppression. It is easy to see from this hasty glance at his character why it was that Dr. FLOY was a man of commanding influence among his brethren. But I have not as yet touched the great secret of his power, the crowning excellence of his character, that secured for him our love and veneration. It was the glory of his life that he *identified himself with a great question of humanity and reform at a time when it was very unpopular to do so, and that he never seceded from the position he then took.* Another speaker has just given us an account of the Greene Street Conference of 1838, and I have neither the time nor the disposition to go over that ground again. It was at that Conference that JAMES FLOY, then a young man, was first brought prominently before the public. I have no uncharitable things to say of the good men who were then his prosecutors. Honest and good men they were, and many of them are now

with our departed brother, in a land where they see eye to eye. It seems almost incredible that only twenty-five years ago it was regarded as a high indiscretion, if not a positive sin, for a minister of the Lord Jesus Christ to "open his mouth for the dumb," and to "remember them that are in bonds, as bound with them." But it was a time when "blindness in part had happened unto Israel," and when the nation seemed almost given up to the idolatry of slavery. The martyr Lovejoy had shortly before sealed his devotion to the holy cause of liberty with his blood, and the most respectable of the New York papers, secular and religious, excused, if they did not justify, his murder. Any action against slavery in an Annual Conference was denounced as schismatical, and persistent efforts were made to induce ministers of the Gospel to abstain from all agitation of the exciting subject. These efforts were, on the whole, quite as absurd and far less excusable than those put forth by the fathers of the Papal Church to induce Gallileo to forswear his faith in the earth's evolutions upon its axis. I shall not take it upon me to say whether Dr. Floy erred in yielding to the extent that he did to the forces that were arrayed against him. He certainly intended no recantation of his principles.

He never surrendered or waived his right to preach against the "sum of all villanies." And that there might be no mistake on this point, he took occasion soon after his trial at Greene street to bear his emphatic testimony against slavery, from a New York pulpit. At the next session of his Conference, complaint was made that he had preached Abolitionism. There are present this evening men who remember the manner of JAMES FLOY, as he drew from his pocket the obnoxious sermon and proposed to read it to the Conference. Of course he was not allowed to do so; listening to such a sermon was not the entertainment to which the body had invited itself. From that time I think he was not molested for preaching an unmutilated Gospel. Dr. FLOY's espousal of a righteous cause, in the time of its weakness and unpopularity, exerted an important influence upon his subsequent character and position. His honesty and fearlessness attracted to him many of the best minds and hearts in the Church. Not only did his course secure him the confidence and esteem of his brethren, but it invigorated and ennobled his own character. A manly and unselfish devotion to truth always makes a man stronger and better. Men are sometimes honest in the belief and defence of a lie, and that is better

than to be hypocritical in the support of the truth; but it is a sad thing when a good man takes the wrong side in any great moral contest. The truth makes men free; and service done for her always brings its own great reward. JAMES FLOY never lost the prestige and power he gained in the struggle of 1838. As the principles for which he contended gained recognition and appreciation, he was honored for the part he had taken in their defence; and to his praise be it spoken, he carried through all his life, and down to his grave, the same hatred of injustice and wrong—the same detestation of all direct and indirect efforts to sustain it—that characterized him in his early days. He commenced his religious life a superintendent of a colored Sunday School, and to the last his sympathies and prayers were with the downtrodden and the oppressed. We all know how deeply he felt for the tens of thousands of the freedmen of the South. It seemed clear to him that in the majestic sweep of events God was placing us in such relations to this people as makes it our imperative duty to give them what they have never yet enjoyed—the blessings of a pure gospel honestly preached. It was JAMES FLOY'S love for the Lord's poor that more than anything else endeared him to our

hearts ; and we mingle with the tears we shed over his grave devout thanksgivings to God that he was permitted to live till the principles for which he had contended were so grandly vindicated. And from his seat in the excellent glory where he is now enthroned with Christ, he will, we trust, look down upon the complete and universal triumph of those principles, and hear the song go up from our ransomed country,

"Jehovah hath triumphed, his people are free."

In addition to what has been said, I must add that Dr. FLOY was *a devout Christian*. Those who were most intimate with him were best assured of the sincerity and depth of his piety. His faith in God was clear, strong, and influential. He was not demonstrative, and except to intimate friends, said little with regard to his religious enjoyments. Perhaps he erred in this. But there are so many persons who make a merit of talking about their religion, and of keeping their professions a little in advance of their experience, that we feel disposed to speak charitably of those who err in the opposite direction. There are many who know how firm and influential a hold the verities of eternity had upon the heart of Dr.

FLOY. Since it was known that I was to speak on this occasion, I have received more than one testimony from those who knew him intimately, to the depth and consistency of his piety. There are many who remember with gratitude his fidelity and tenderness as a pastor, especially in his attentions to the sick and bereaved. I shall never forget how kind and sympathetic he was on such occasions. Once he came to my own home, when the darkness of the shadow of death rested upon it. A dear child, too sweet and beautiful for earth, had just left us to walk with Christ in Paradise. Dr. FLOY had passed through a similar experience, in the loss of a little daughter, some fifteen years before, and nothing could be more brotherly and christian than the sympathy he manifested for us. Subsequently I saw him when he was passing through deep affliction. We sat up till late at night, far past midnight, and our talk was of death and of Him who is the Resurrection and the Life. Never did the character of Dr. FLOY seem more lovable than during those hours when I listened to his tender and tearful utterances.

But I must desist. These are sacred memories to be cherished in the heart rather than proclaimed to the world. I am grateful for the

privilege of paying this humble tribute to the memory of my loved and honored friend. It is no ordinary man that has left us. A prince and a great man in our Israel has fallen. Even now I can hardly realize that Dr. Floy is dead—that he will go in and out among us no more. But it is even so—Death has set his signet on the manly brow—the right hand has forgot its cunning—the eloquent tongue is silent in the grave. Sadly and reluctantly we surrender so much that is noble, heroic, and Christian to the insatiate destroyer. But we sorrow not as those who have no hope. We know that our brother shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day. He can never return to us, but the hour is at hand when we shall go to him ;

" Blest hour—when righteous souls shall meet,
Shall meet to part no more;
And with celestial welcome greet
On an immortal shore !

Each tender tie, dissolved with pain.
With endless bliss is crowned ;
All that was dead revives again ;
All that was lost is found."

THE following hymns were sung on the occasion of the Memorial Service.

ANTHEM.

I.

What is life? 't is but a vapor,
  Soon it vanishes away,
Life is but a dying taper,
  O my soul why wish to stay?
Why not spread thy wings and fly
  Straight to yonder world of joy.

II.

See that glory—how resplendent!
  Brighter far than fancy paints;
There in majesty transcendent,
  Jesus reigns the King of saints;
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
  Straight to yonder world of joy.

III.

Joyful crowds His throne surrounding,
  Sing with rapture of His love;
Through the heavens his praises sounding,
  Filling all the courts above:
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
  Straight to yonder world of joy.

IV.

Go, and share his people's glory:
Mid the ransomed crowd appear;
Thine, a joyful wondrous story,
One that angels love to hear:
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.

SELECTED.

HYMN.

I.

O God, we humbly seek thy face
And own how dreadful is this place;
Thou speakest from Thy high abode,
"Be still and know that I am God."

II.

Behold us now in sorrow meet,
In dust we worship at Thy feet,
Submissive bend beneath Thy rod,
And humbly own that Thou art God.

III.

How helpless, Lord, against Thy power
Is human aid in death's dark hour;
How vain is all the pomp of state,
For Thou alone, O God, art great.

IV.

And what avails us manhood's might
To turn the arrow in its flight;
Or what can wisdom's art devise,
For Thou alone, O God, art wise.

V.

And where shall sorrowing mortals fly
When howling tempests sweep the sky;
Thou sittest on the stormy flood,
And Thou alone, O God, art good.

VI.

O help us Lord in every hour,
To see Thy goodness in Thy power:
To trust, when clouds obscure the sun,
And calmly say, "Thy will be done."

F. BOTTOME.

JUL 1 1963